

The Messenger.

JACKSON & BELL COMPANY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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WILMINGTON, N. C.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1897.

LITERARY HOTCH POTCH.

We have been reading in The New York Bookman a serial story by H. S. Merriman, author of "The Sowers." His first story was regarded as a capital piece of work in his native England. His serial is called "In Kedar's Tent," and it is decidedly interesting and breezy. He is a clever story teller, having that gift. There is much more body to his work than in some other notable living writers of the highly romantic school. His serial is full of incident and the characters are exceedingly well drawn. There are wit, capital repartee, wise saws, and many scenes of genuine dramatic vigor. We think it a fresh, entertaining and very well written story. It is clean besides, which is much in these unclean, decadent times.

Mr. C. K. Shorter, an English man of letters, thinks the Victorian literature is eminently of the preaching kind, of the pulpit type. He fortifies his contention by many examples in essays, poetry, etc. The moral has been the thing sought by the chief writers. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, the Brontës, Dickens, Thackeray, Geo. Eliot, Charles Kingsley, Reade, Bulwer, Carlyle, Ruskin, Froude, Macaulay, Freeman, Seeley, Grote, Dr. Arnold, Green, all taught moral lessons or filled the historic pulpit. It is very noticeable that so many of the English Established clergy became so distinguished as historians, producing works of decided excellence and permanent value. Bishop Thirlwall's Greece is an admirable work, though less notable than Grote's elaborate work. Dr. Arnold's work on Rome has many strong points and will hold a place among histories of Rome for many decades to come we suppose. Dean Merivale has surpassed Dr. Arnold's work in the estimation of scholars. Then Dean Milman wrote his "History of Latin Christianity," a work of real historic excellence that is still rated high. Dean Stanley wrote one or two works partly theological and semi-historical of value and genuine entertainment, especially his book on the Greek Church. Dean Kitchen has published a "History of France," pronounced by Mr. Shorter to be a very attractive reading, but little short of another work by a clergyman, he says, Green's "Short History of the English People." We do not know Dean Kitchen's work, but we have regarded Green's work since we read it soon after publication as a production of real genius, the very best one volume history of any country, we must believe, that has ever been written. In conception, plan, execution and style it is wrought with masterly results. When this writer came so near undertaking a one octavo volume history of North Carolina in 1875—being within three days of beginning and then forced by circumstances to abandon a cherished and planned historic project requiring four or five years to execute it—he had selected Green's masterful volume as the model upon which to construct his own attempt in so far as the differences would allow in English people and the people of North Carolina.

But this is not by any means all that the Established clergy have done since Victoria ascended the throne. Many of them have published volumes of verse, some of it very good; others have written novels of genuine excellence and power, as some of Rev. Charles Kingsley's, two or three of which are indeed of a high rank. We regard "Westward Ho!" the best historic novel since Scott laid down his pen and "fell on sleep." Some of them have written biography with success. The most noteworthy is doubtless Dean Stanley's capital and elaborate life of his distinguished teacher, Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby. Dean Church wrote on Spenser, and some others of the clergy have engaged in similar work. The historian Stubbs is a distinguished cleric—a bishop. His historic works stand high for certain important qualities. What has been said is not an attempt to be exhaustive—to cover all the ground. Bishop Creighton has produced one or more histories. We have availed ourselves mainly of those mentioned by Mr. Shorter in his paper, but with most of them we are more or less acquainted, having read more or less of their writings. What has been said is quite enough to show the literary and scholarly industry as well as the high gifts of some of the writers, during the long reign of the best of English queens. The clergy of the English Establish-

ment as well as of all non-conformists have been very productive in literary writings, and some have been very influential and others even masterly. The name is almost legion of this class. We could from memory tell of a score or two of strong, well equipped, impressive authors who have been strenuous for their views and principles. In even so hurried a survey as this we may name Dr. Chalmers, Henry Melville, Archbishop Whately, Archbishop Trench, Dr. Guthrie, Charles Spurgeon, Canon Liddon, Dr. Jowett, Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal John H. Newman, Dr. MacLaren, and so on, for the list stretches out at length. We have read more or less of those we named.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the editor of London Bookman, writes interestingly of his very gifted countrywoman, Mrs. Oliphant. We are struck with a remark he makes, which did not surprise us after reading many notices of the dead author, that "the obituary notices which have appeared so far show that the writers know only a very little about her books." He considers her ablest book "Agnes." The London Times has a writer who gives the preference to "Mrs. Margaret Maitland." The late John Blackwood, of the famous old Edinburgh Magazine, held "Katie Stewart" as his favorite. Dr. Nicoll says "a brilliant friend, of fine judgment," prefers "Kirsteen" above the rest of her Scotch books. Let the reader consult the novels named in our "Literary Gossip" in last Thursday's Messenger for other novels named as among her best, and he will see how varied the preferences and wide the field of selection from those that are beyond doubt excellent novels. Dr. Nicoll holds that she is not an unsuccessful biographer, a "very great journalist." She wrote a great deal for London Spectator, St. James Gazette and Blackwood, the excellent. He says:

"She had an honorable pride in Blackwood, the only one of the great periodicals now left to us which has declined to lower its standard as maintaining all the excellence of its brightest past. Mrs. Oliphant's articles did not meet with unqualified approval, and on various occasions we have ourselves challenged them. She had eyes like a hawk. She could say more easily than most people the things that stab and blister. She was often merciless, and sometimes she was unfair. She fiercely resented popularities that were undeserved. She could not abide mawkish sentiment. . . . 'To the last she was as fierce, as uncontrolled, as bitter as ever when her temper was touched. Mrs. Oliphant did not disguise her great contempt for the popular Scotch writers of the day. There was one exception. She was an ardent admirer from the very first of Mr. Barrie, and rejoiced greatly in her last days over Margaret Ogilvie, a book which she put where we think it will be put at last, as perhaps the most enduring product of recent English literature. For Mr. Kipling, also, she had a warm admiration. But beyond these two, we do not think she really cared for any of the younger writers, while it is not too much to say that she positively detested many of them. Of Stevenson even after his death she spoke with extraordinary malignity."

That reads harsh and makes Mrs. Oliphant a very different character from those portraits of her drawn by more friendly and admiring hands. She is represented by others as full of the best sense, of marked sympathy, purity and attractiveness. If she was as Dr. Nicoll indicates overflowing with spite and bitterness, and even indulged malignity she is not a specially attractive woman, or even a safe critic to be commended, whatever her gifts, beyond doubt high, and however extensive her literary workmanship, unquestionably excellent. She wrote a great deal of criticism that has been published in books. Dr. Nicoll thinks that "the best of these undoubtedly" is "Historical Sketches of the reign of George III." One extract and we close:

"It was she who wrote in the hour of the queen's great sorrow the remarkable lines which appeared in Blackwood: 'Lord God, on bended knee Three kingdoms cry to Thee—God save the Queen.'"

When she wrote these words, she had been herself a widow for hardly two years."

We have returned so often to Mrs. Oliphant lately because of her admirable qualities as a novelist especially, and our desire that a dozen of her really delightful novels should be read now by intelligent readers at a time when so much that is unfair and false to true art is flooding the press.

Poor and Weak
Catarrh and Bronchial Trouble—
Had no Appetite—Now Better in
Every Way—A Delicate Child.
"Some time since I took a sudden cold and could not get rid of it. Being subject to catarrh and bronchial trouble I coughed terribly. I lost my appetite and grew poor and weak and I did not feel like work. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. In a short time the cough disappeared, I slept well, had a good appetite and I was better in every way. Last spring I was not feeling well, I had no appetite and no strength. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon felt more like work. My little nephew was a delicate child and had a humor which troubled him so he could not rest at night. He has taken a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and now he has a good appetite and is able to sleep." Miss Anna J. Freeman, South Duxbury, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1.
Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, 20c.

RELIGIOUS EDITORIALS FOR SUNDAY.

The New York Evening Post made a decided blunder when it described the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Arnold of the Established Church of England as a "bigoted churchman, who could scarcely see a chance of salvation out of the Church of England." Rev. Dr. Ephraim H. Harding, a native of North Carolina, and a man of remarkable reading as well of good talents as a preacher and writer, addresses a letter to the Evening Post correcting the statement. He writes from Farmville, Va., on 8th September. He is unquestionably correct. He quotes from a letter written by the Master of Rugby, so famous in his day and dying when but forty-eight quite suddenly, to Sir Thomas Pasley. We reproduce only a part of the quotation, but enough to show where the distinguished historian, teacher and divine stood:

"He would feel and see that the matter of his soul's salvation lay between God and Christ, on the one hand, and himself on the other, and that his belonging to this or that church had no more to do with the matter than his being born in France or England, in Westmoreland or in Warwickshire. The popish and Oxford view of Christianity is that the church is the mediator between God and the individual. This is priestcraft, because it lays the stress, not on the relations of a man's heart towards God and Christ, as the Gospel does, but on something wholly artificial and formal—whereas, all who go straight to Christ without thinking of the church do manifestly and visibly receive grace and have the seal of His Spirit, and therefore are certainly heirs of salvation."

Right or wrong in this view, as the case may be, Dr. Arnold was no bigot, but a man of catholic christianity basing opinion and conviction upon the revealed Word of God. There is perhaps much other evidence like the above to be found in Stanley's Life of Arnold, an extensive biography we read many years ago with great pleasure.

Rev. Matt H. Moore is a Halifax county boy of real gifts. Before leaving his native North Carolina for the great northwest, he published a valuable volume on the Early Methodist Preachers in North Carolina. He has, we trust, been well appreciated in "the wild and woolly west," and has done a good and lasting work for the Master. He is a fine spirited young man—he has been gone ten years and is now probably forty—and is blessed with a good mind and a warm heart. We only knew him at his father's home when he was a little boy. Not long ago a copy of the Statesville Christian Advocate came to our address. It has a "St. Louis Letter" from Mr. Moore. It is of the reminiscent kind. He writes touchingly of his past in his native state, and remembers kindly some who appreciated and helped him. Among other pleasant things said we found a reference that was gratifying to us. We make no apology for copying the following as it shows a proper understanding of the unremunerative character of journalistic work. You pour out in daily stream what you know and think, and it is forgotten so soon as read. Your work is as ephemeral as a shadow, and dies with the day, unless perchance you offend some one of your 10,000 or 20,000 readers, and are set upon in the regular Comanche Indian style of warfare with the devil in the heart and blood on the tomahawk. Then you are remembered with malediction and perhaps lied upon without mercy. It is a thankless office, that of a professional journalist. No son of ours should ever take to it with our consent. You would better plough or dig roots or follow any honest avocation than to fill such a thankless, pitiless place, rarely receiving sympathy or applause, but quite sure to be denounced and flippant on every hand by the abounding Solomons who forget daily more than you know, and who could teach you how "to run a newspaper." If they could only have your place they would make the hair of wisdom take a fresh curl and the visage of genius take on a few additional wrinkles. The world, and North Carolina especially, is filled with undeveloped journalistic geniuses who only need fitting arenas to win a name beyond all the journalists of this very journalistic age. Some of them would prove quarter horses no doubt, for we have known such. But what a huge loss there is to the world! Every day some deliver judgments, mostly of condemnation, on what the journalist writes, and feel how if opportunity were offered to them they would electrify humanity and make the age groan with envy. Of these great undeveloped journalists, in embryo, it might be written as it was said of another scribe:

"He scorned the game by meaner hunters tore,
And dipped his talons in no vulgar gore."

But our gifted and sympathetic friend in the west should be heard from without further delay, for he knows whereof he writes:

"Say what you please about fear of punishment, hope of reward, or cold, stern sense of duty, there are some natures which find love to be the mightiest constraining power in this world. We can preach better to a sympathetic congregation; we can endure more for an appreciative people; we find our noblest traits called into more lively exercise by sympathy and appreciation. For that reason I am sorry for you editors. The words of good cheer are so few in proportion to the work done. You have so little personal knowledge of the results of your labor. O, I am sorry for you. In fact I have been experienced enough to know how to sympathize with you. I did come hard work for North Carolina Methodism with my pen and I suppose I had a fair share of commendation. I shall

never forget how Dr. Kingsbury, of Wilmington, used to drop me a line, now and then, which would make my blood tingle with delight, but he was in the business himself and knew what a word of encouragement meant. We preachers have a great advantage over editors."

Last Sunday we referred briefly to that monstrous, most unchristian "dead-line" in the ministry. The idea of setting aside a preacher of the Gospel at fifty or sixty is of the devil we must believe. It comes not from the Father of Mercies or from the adorable Master, the Son of God. Paul and Peter and John and some of the others in New Testament biography and history toiled and suffered when they were far unto seventy, and the lovable John lived about his 96th or 98th year. The late Rev. Dr. Lovick Pierce lived to be 94 or more and preached when he was that old. We lately read a discourse of his prepared at the request of a body of Georgia Methodist preachers when he was 90 years old. It fills seventy octavo pages and is upon "Sanctification." Dr. Pierce wrote it in 1878, and he accepted the doctrine as both Scriptural and Methodist nearly all through his long ministerial life. He was one of the very greatest men ever born to southern Methodism, and was a native of Halifax county, North Carolina. There was no "dead-line" for this "son of thunder"—this Boanerges of the southern pulpit. Dr. Deems told us he never heard a greater preacher. But this dead-line is positively hateful and iniquitous, and it is no wonder that aged and highly gifted writers like Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of the Presbyterian church, should cry out in indignation. Think of applying a "dead line" to such a man as he or the eloquent Dr. Moses Hoge, or the very able Dr. Palmer, or to Bishop Keener, the greatest of southern Methodist bishops, unless Bishop Wilson is excepted, now some 77, or our Bishop Watson, so full of zeal, activity and abundant labors, and with undiminished intellectual powers. A "dead-line" indeed! It is a reflection on common sense, common gratitude, and the very name of Christianity. Dr. Cuyler, in The Evangelist, gives a striking example of one most worthy and able clergyman in this "dead-line" bad business. The minister had but recently died of whom Dr. Cuyler writes that he was "an excellent and eminent minister of the Gospel." He says he had served the interests of his own denomination with peculiar zeal and fidelity; had successfully occupied the pastorate of one of their most prominent churches in a large city; had written editorials for one of the leading journals, and been conspicuous in their ecclesiastical affairs; and who, nevertheless, during the closing years of his life, could find no church which would have him for its settled pastor, although he earnestly sought one. Why was such a clergyman thus prematurely shelved? "Simply and solely," Dr. Cuyler declares, "because he was between fifty and sixty years old." Nor was this an exceptional case. Dr. Cuyler says that "many others as good and as gifted as he are shelved from the pastorate on account of an arbitrary and abominable law of limitations that is applied to no other calling, secular or sacred, but the Christian ministry."

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.
And it never fails to cure Rheumatism, Catarrh, Pimples, Blisters, and all disorders arising from impure blood, is Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.) Thousands endorse it as the best remedy ever offered to mankind. The thousands of cures performed by this remedy are almost miraculous. Try it, only \$1.00 per large bottle.

A PHYSICIAN'S EVIDENCE—AN HONEST DOCTOR.
Although a practitioner of near twenty years, my mother influenced me to procure Botanic Blood Balm, B. B. B., for her. She had been confined to her bed several months with Rheumatism, which had stubbornly resisted all the usual remedies. Within twenty-four hours after commencing B. B. B., I observed marked relief. She has just commenced her third bottle, and is nearly as active as ever, and has been in the front yard with "rake in hand," cleaning up. Her improvement is truly wonderful and immensely gratifying.
C. H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.,
Jacksonville, Ala.
For sale by Druggists.

Bicycle Racing at Petersburg
Petersburg, Va., September 18.—About 2,000 spectators witnessed the splendid riding today of the crack amateurs at New Market race course under the auspices of the Cockade City Cycle Club. Schade, as usual, was the hero of the hour and carried off all the honors for which he competed, with but one exception. The exhibition of skill and speed was magnificent, but, owing to the low temperature there was no breaking of records.

First race.—One mile open. Fred Schade first; E. L. Wilson second; George E. Smith third. Time 2:15.

Second race.—One mile, married men, open. K. W. Harris, Petersburg, first; Thomas D. Bond second; J. W. Cocke third. Time 2:24.

Third race.—Half mile, open. E. L. Wilson, first; Fred Schade second; George E. Smith third. Time 1:06.

Fourth race.—One mile, championship city of Petersburg. John J. Neims, first; J. D. Martin second; G. J. Richardson third. Time 2:21.

Fifth race.—Quarter mile dash, open. Fred Schade, first; J. J. Neims second; A. C. Moran third. Time 34 seconds.

Sixth race.—One mile tandem, open. Schade and Neims won; Tignor and Richardson second; Moran and Smith third. Time 2:32.

Seventh race.—Mile championship city of Virginia. J. J. Neims, won with W. D. Nye and J. D. Martin third. Time 2:18.

Shelby Aurora: We learn from one who is in a position to know, that the terms of the charter for the railroad from Shelby to Bristol, Tenn., have been complied with, and a company organized, on last Friday, to build the road. Work is expected to begin at an early day.

Pain Killer.
Croup, Cough, Colic, Cholera, Diarrhea, Dysentery, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS.
A Sure, Safe, Quick Cure for these troubles.
(GREAT REMEDY)
Used Internally and Externally.
Two Sizes, 5c. and 10c. bottles.

THE LATE COL. A. T. UZZLE.

Is Untimely Death the Subject of Sympathetic Resolutions and Addresses at a Meeting of North Carolina Drummers in Baltimore.

By the courtesy of Colonel Shannon a largely attended meeting of the commercial travelers of Baltimore was held in the parlors of the Carrolton hotel on Tuesday, September 14th, to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of Colonel A. T. Uzzle, who died at his late home, in Wilson's Mills, N. C., on Saturday, the 11th inst.

Colonel Uzzle was for many years the popular representative of the well known firm of M. H. Lauchheimer & Sons in the states of North and South Carolina, and his death is greatly deplored by his many friends and business associates.

The meeting was organized with Wilson G. Lamb as chairman and C. A. Sullivan as secretary. A committee on resolutions was appointed, consisting of M. J. Nolley, chairman, Jno. R. Morris, Jas. A. Higga, F. Y. Ramsay, Dennis T. Madigan, T. T. Bobbitt and A. A. Bristow.

On behalf of the committee Mr. M. J. Nolley, chairman, presented the following resolutions in a very eloquent address:

"Having heard with profound regret of the death of their highly esteemed companion, Colonel A. T. Uzzle, the commercial travelers of Baltimore who represent her business interests in the states of North and South Carolina, met in Baltimore on the 14th day of September, 1897, desire to express in a tangible form some of their appreciation of their departed brother; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the loss of Colonel Uzzle is deeply deplored by his many business associates, and a gap has been made in the ranks of the commercial travelers who have visited North and South Carolina for the past quarter of a century which it will be hard to fill. His sterling qualities and many virtues have left an impression on our hearts which shall not be obliterated until the angel of death shall call us too to 'him across the river to rest under the shade of the trees.' In gentlemanly bearing and courteous dealing he had no superior and he will long be remembered as one loved and honored.

Resolved, That in the hour of their bereavement we tender to his relatives our sincere condolence and warmest sympathy; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his family and that the newspapers of North Carolina and South Carolina be requested to publish the same."

Mr. Jno. R. Morris moved the adoption of the resolutions with the following address:

Mr. Uzzle, the subject of the sincere resolutions to which we have just listened, was for more than twenty years an important influence in winning trade to this market. His friends among merchants were numerous and he enjoyed the confidence of the trade. During the sickness which made his retirement compulsory the visiting merchant-patrons eagerly asked for news of his physical state and fervently spoke wishes for his restoration to the business circles where his stern integrity was recognized and his frank diplomacy of manner was persuasively potent.

Mr. Uzzle was not a member of any firm, yet his mission as a salesman in service cannot be effaced from the sum of wonderful achievements wrought by those who have respected him.

Those who have representatively gone forth with proclamation of Baltimore's vast provision and with invitation to her commercial and industrial bounty. Maryland, with just pride, talks of her ancient altar to religious liberty, hallowed with the sacred tolerance of the Calverts. She boasts of her shrine to civil freedom before which Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, wrought with zeal of more than priestly consecration. But today the higher destiny of this state and especially of its urban centre, this great metropolitan city, is to be determined by those who may persuade tradersmen to shrines piled with oblations from field, loom, anvil, kiln and furnace. Tonight we meet to bring the stricken sense of friendship as a memorial of one who led pilgrims to shrines trophied with conquests from commercial and industrial rivalries. His career as salesman was eminently successful, his remuneration generous, and his estate which is marked by solvency in bank and by cottages which shelter the toilers who sow and gather in the wide fields of which he was the master and which tonight shimmer with the white fleece which is the agricultural staple of the south.

The gravest question in Maryland today is not where Baltimore may get a mayor. A dragnet cast from either the starboard or port of any political craft would haul in so many of these very fishy fish—average mayors—that the available supply of official salt would not be adequate to save the catch. But successful traveling salesmen are so rare that the demand is almost in excess of the supply. However, the applicants are in excess of the demand. But it has been wisely assumed that the abilities of too many applicants for places in the itinerary of commerce are of an order of intelligence no higher than would be necessary to adorn a municipal executive. In the twilight of Maryland's history it was not drummers who steered the good ships, the Ark and the Dove, with their freight of pilgrims for these shores, over the bay. But today the drummers of Baltimore are dominantly those who conjure the angels of the ships to spread their white wings over the waters of the Chesapeake and these are also those who freight the good barges which, drawn by steel-shackled steam, wheel the wares of your market to distant tradersmen and consumers. That the facilities might be commensurate with the fame which these salesmen have wrought for this market it has been necessary to rear splendid architectural piles with aspirations of structure and art almost as tall as the crowning statue of Baltimore's great

monument to the father of our country. But a sentiment deeper and more sacred than that suggested by the triumph of commerce and trade has impelled us to meet tonight. We bend low before what, with its outward aspects, is the most solemn dispensation of God. This life, from its beginning here to its beginning against the gates of the hereafter is so short as to be symbolized by half a diurnal cycle. Emphatically, its tale is told by the measure of the few hours spanning the distance from where the rosy angels of the morning, peeping over the low rim of the sun, whistle their sweet breath into the passion of the dawn, to where the fluids of gold and dyes of purple run down the face of the day when it looks back and weeps because one more cause one more short stretch of time has slipped into the eternity, lying silently and stumbrously behind. I know that this through, invoked by the seemingly too short career of our dear friend and companion leaves the suggestion of impending night very real. But blessed be the assurance of hope! Above the desolation of the dark and the desolation of the heart, there are immortal stars whose witcheries, working fascinations and rhapsodies in the soul, evoke the enchantment of faith that somewhere among the tall turrets of the imperishable stars there is a supremacy which, when it has lifted us from the mystery of whence we came, why we tarried here and why we went thither, needs not then to explain its own inscrutability, since all its own mystery will have perished in the deluge of its own love.

The resolutions were then adopted by a rising vote.

Hanna on the Stump.

Senator Hanna made a speech in Ohio Saturday, at the opening of the republican campaign. And if the newspaper reports of it are correct, it was a strange jumble of words and ideas. He declared, among other things, that "the republican party is responsible through that measure (the Dingley law) for bringing back this prosperity."

Then he said that he had about made up his mind that "the Lord is a republican," and that it is perhaps on this account the Creator has caused short crops of wheat in foreign countries.

There you have the average republican idea of the cause of better times and higher prices, a notion which is a theory freely interpreted in that the Lord looked on the republican party and found it good; that He then inspired the Dingley law; and that, in order to make up for the result, cut the crops of wheat in those countries which have heretofore competed with the United States in the world's markets.

Mr. Hanna is the first responsible leader, so far as we know, who has had the gall to announce that republican legislation has brought about the return of more tolerable times. He has declined to leave a loophole of escape by the suggestion that the Lord is a republican.

Of course, we cannot, at this distance, judge of the intelligence of republican voters in Ohio. That state has given to the public service some very queer specimens. It has had such opportunities as John Sherman and Hannam—who have somehow managed to win the support of the rag-tag and bob-tail. Of course, we do not imagine for one moment that the republican voters of Ohio are so recklessly imbecile as some of their acts would suggest; but we do believe that they need to be educated in the principles of political honesty.

We don't know where the school teacher is to come from at this time. The republican has neglected them in this direction, and have neglected them. They have had the example of such men as William Allen and Allen Thurman; but perhaps the honest and virtuous of these men are less attractive to the average republican than the slick and fluent bossism of Hanna, and the current fraud and corruption that calls itself republicanism.

We cannot imagine a more depressing spectacle than that afforded by such men as Hanna and Foster, and yet before a crowd of quillies and proclaiming their own political honesty.—Atlanta Constitution.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by R. R. Bellamy.

A Wonderful Bicycle Race.

Boston, Mass., September 18.—Jimmy Michael today won the greatest cycling event ever run on any track. It was the international twenty-five miles race at Charles River park, and was run in the fastest cycling time the world ever saw. Michael's competitors were Lucien Lesna, of France, and Eddie McDuffee, of California. It was a superb day and 14,000 persons witnessed the race.

In the start off, the three riders in the big race caught the first lap, and Lesna and Michael took the lead, making the first mile fifteen yards ahead of McDuffee, who beat Michael at the tape by a few feet. McDuffee took the lead in the second lap, yards over Michael. In the third lap Michael in a quarter of a lap ahead of McDuffee. From this time out Michael had the lead and slowly crept up on both Lesna and McDuffee. Michael led by one-third lap at the end of the fifth lap, 9:05 2-5. At the tenth mile Michael was ahead 600 yards, Lesna second; time 18:15. At the 15th mile, Michael was ahead by one-third mile, Lesna second; time 27:44.5. Twentieth mile, Michael led by 600 yards, Lesna second; time 36:14.5. Twenty-fifth mile (finish) Michael won by one-third mile, Lesna second; McDuffee third, two miles behind Lesna; time 45:58 4-5. Up to this time Lesna has held practically all records from three miles to twenty-five miles, excepting the sixteenth and twentieth mile records, which were broken on Thursday last by Michael in his twenty-mile contest against Lesna at Springfield. Every world record, from three to twenty-five miles inclusive, is now credited to Michael.

Star Pointer Breaks the Record.

Indianapolis, September 18.—The world's race record was broken here this afternoon by Star Pointer in a match with Joe Eckhardt. The race was perfect for the contest between the two kings of the turf. There was but one heat of the race to be finished, each having taken a heat on the afternoon previous, the race going over on account of darkness.

Everything indicated that the record of 2:01 1/2 held by Patchen and John R. Gentry, would be smashed. Had the black fellow not faltered a bit at the head of the stretch even lower time would have been recorded, as Star Pointer finished strong, with three open lengths of daylight between them.

A Brazen Girl—Miss Highup—It's perfectly scandalous! Did you hear about Miss Tip-top?—No. What has she done?

"Oh, the most immodest thing imaginable! She's let all the world know that she is crazy to get married by going and joining a country school."—New York Weekly.